

tripping eyes and flooded lungs

call it home - I

queenjameskirk

tripping eyes and flooded lungs by queenjameskirk

Series: [call it home \[1\]](#)

Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Angst, F/M, Hurt/Comfort, M/M, Multi, Six + 1 fic, Smut, aged-up, bill denbrough's new nickname is silver bc he's the group bicycle, this is literally just porn

Language: English

Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Urís

Relationships: Bill Denbrough/Ben Hanscom, Bill Denbrough/Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough/Eddie Kaspbrak, Bill Denbrough/Everyone, Bill Denbrough/Mike Hanlon, Bill Denbrough/Richie Tozier, Bill Denbrough/Stamley Urís

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Summary:

"The last time we did this, you made fun of me." Bill says and Richie feels guilt curl in his stomach.

"I was a stupid kid." Richie responds and Bill shakes his head. His wet hair splashes on Richie's cheek but Richie can't bring himself to care about the mess when Bill's hand is tangling in the hair at the back of his head.

"You h-hurt my feelings, Rich," Bill says and the guilt starts to harden.'

OR

Seven Times Bill Denbrough Cried After Sex

tripping eyes and flooded lungs

Author's Note:

this fic started as a joke and very quickly turned into
Not A Joke

completely canon except

1. bill doesn't have a wife bc thats dumb
2. eddie doesn't die cause thats dumb
3. i fucked with the timeline a little so that bill
wasn't goin to Bone Town three times in one night

anway i'm sorry

sugarcane in the easy morning
weather vanes
my one and lonely

-northern downpour, panic at the disco

1.

It's Richie's eighteenth birthday the first time it happens, and Bill's drunk.

The party is in full swing upstairs, music pumping through Richie's speakers, and Bill is sitting abandoned in the basement. It's the last party before their senior year starts and Bill is apprehensive.

After this year, everything changes. They already lost Bev, abandoning them for Portland the summer before ninth grade. Ben moved away last year, across the country to some boring Midwestern

state. Stan switches school districts, his parents enrolling him in some private Jew school in the next county over.

Worst of all, he's drifted from the friends who do remain.

Eddie spends all of junior year in a haze of panic, stressing over his ACT and class credits, and the only time Bill sees him is on Thursdays when they study physical science together. Mike really leans into his work, preparing to take over the farm when he graduates, and Bill misses him every time he rides Silver. Richie flourishes in high school, joining AV Club and making all these new weird friends who he invites over after school.

Bill feels forgotten already and they haven't even left Derry yet.

Richie's upstairs, probably entertaining his new friends Bill hasn't bothered to learn the names of yet, and Bill is getting pleasantly smashed alone.

He takes a sip from his glass and tries not to let his obvious disgust show on his face, the cheap Admiral Nelson that Richie paid some upperclassmen to buy them burning the whole way down his throat. He looks around the otherwise empty basement and spots Eddie, passed out on the couch with his mouth open. There's a cup clutched in one hand and he only has one sock on.

Bill stands, hoping to go over and throw a blanket or something over Eds, but his head swims as soon as he moves. The room spins and Bill sits back down in his chair hard, teeth clamping together and rattling his brain.

“Bill?” Someone asks, coming down the basement stairs, and Bill looks up to see Richie. He’s got an unlit cigarette in one hand and a beer in the other, glasses sliding down his nose. His same stupid grin is on his face, but it fractures a little when he sees the state Bill’s in. “You okay, man?”

“M’ fine,” Bill responds, dropping his head into his hand. He hears Richie shuffle towards him, past the couch Eddie’s passed out on. He drops down to one knee in front of Bill, a little sloppy in his movement, and looks up at Bill. His eyes trace Bill’s face and just when he’s starting to get self-conscious, Richie tuts his tongue and stands, pushing himself up with a hand on Bill’s knee.

“Let’s get you upstairs, big guy,” Richie says, setting his beer down on the coffee table and holding his hand out for Bill to take. He pulls Bill up quickly and steadies him with a hand around his back, pressing into Bill’s hip.

“B-But,” Bill argues, leaning into Richie’s hold. “Eds, he’ll get c-c-cold,”

Richie turns to look at their friend, snoring softly, and smiles.

“I’ll throw a sheet or something on him later,” Richie says and leads Bill slowly towards the basement steps. The room spins again, but Bill is grounded by Richie’s arm around his waist. They climb the stairs together and emerge into the kitchen. As they walk through the house and to the second floor landing, Bill surveys the mess they’ve left behind.

Every surface is covered in red cups, some tipped and spilling sticky liquid over the wood furniture. There's a kid passed out on the upstairs couch, his face covered in sharpie and Bill is suddenly glad he didn't stay upstairs long. Streamers and balloons hang down from the ceiling and Bill shudders a little as they pass a red balloon, almost transparent and floating towards the floor.

Richie walks him upstairs again, a hand guiding him at his back. Bill considers crawling for a moment but he's sobering up enough that he doesn't need to.

Richie doesn't have to remind Bill where his bedroom is, Bill knows.

"I'll be right back," Richie says as he deposits Bill in his bed, swaying unsteadily as he walks back out the door and down the hall. Bill flips over onto his back and stares up at Richie's ceiling. There's a hole in the corner, spackled over hastily, that Bill recognizes as the damage from a particularly rough game of catch between Richie and Stan.

Richie walks back in the room with two cups held in one hand, balancing them carefully. He holds one out to Bill and shakes it a little.

"Drink up," he commands and Bill shakes his head. The alcohol is just starting to settle in his system and he has no interest in getting any drunker. "It's water, dipshit," Richie says bitchily, taking a long drink from his own cup.

Bill tips his head back and drinks the whole thing in one go, a little spilling out the side of the cup and soaking down his neck. He tosses the cup towards the floor on the other side of the bed and Richie chokes out a laugh.

“Go to sleep,” Richie says and turns to leave but Bill shoots a hand out and grabs hold of Richie’s sleeve.

“Lay down with me,” he begs and Richie sighs a little. There’s a moment where Bill’s scared he’s going to say no, gonna leave Bill up here to sleep off the alcohol all by himself. Just as alone as he’d spent the past year. But then Richie sighs and drops down into bed next to Bill, pulling his shirt over his head and toeing out of his shoes.

“I m-miss you, Ruh-Richie,” Bill says, lips pressed close to Richie’s neck.

“I’m right here,” Richie says, throwing an arm around Bill. “Go to sleep,” he says but Bill is wide awake. His drunkenness has dulled to a slow burn that thrums through his veins, pumping hot in his blood.

“J-just wanna be c-cl-close to you again,” Bill says and uses his hand to turn Richie’s chin towards him. He leans forward and kisses Richie, lips closed and pressing warm against Richie’s slightly parted mouth.

Richie kisses him back, slow at first and then enthusiastic, pressing his body into Bill’s. Richie’s jeans are pressing uncomfortably into his stomach and Bill’s still got his shoes on, but the irritation is the last thing on Bill’s mind when Richie’s tongue is in his mouth.

It's quick, almost embarrassingly so. Bill feels himself grow to hardness, pressing against Richie's thigh, and he rubs his hips against Richie's leg, grinding perfectly into his side. Richie whispers an expletive against Bill's lips and worms a hand between them to palm himself through his pants and Bill's gone.

He comes in his pants, hot and ashamed, stuttering the first syllable of Richie's name.

Richie leans over to kiss him one last time, lips dry, and turns his face so Bill's returning kiss hits his cheek.

Richie flops over onto his stomach, away from Bill.

The tears start to flow without his permission.

One second he's biting down on Richie's shoulder and the next he's sobbing, everything catching up to him at once. He tries to stay quiet but he can't, biting down on his fist so Richie can't hear him. He shudders in a breath that's loud, too loud, and Richie rolls over to look at him in surprise. He chokes out a laugh, almost as if he thinks it's a big joke, but it gets stuck in his throat.

"Are you serious?" Richie asks incredulously, his tone mocking, and it sets Bill off more. "Knock it off."

“I’m s-s-s-“ Bill tries to apologize but the words won’t come and now he’s frustrated too, angry at himself for being so unable to reign in his own emotions. Richie lays a careful hand on his shoulder and Bill knocks it away. He’s too mad now, angry with himself. He’s mad that Richie thinks everything’s some stupid joke.

“Bill, pull yourself together,” Richie tries to laugh out, but his words mean nothing when he’s looking at Bill like that. There’s something in his eyes that Bill suddenly hates, a pity that settles hot in his stomach and Bill is so fucking mad.

“Stop being such a- a-“ Richie stutters, eyebrows angry and trash mouth coming out in full effect, “A pussy! Man up, Bill!” he yells.

Bill rears back and punches him, fist connecting with Richie’s nose. It feels like an epilogue, the ending to some scene they played out five years ago. Richie’s nose immediately starts bleeding and before he can retaliate, Bill jumps out of bed.

He stumbles out of Richie’s room and runs away, tears still tracking down his cheeks.

Bill wakes up on the basement floor the next day with a wicked hangover. Eddie is on the couch next to him, a sheet thrown haphazardly over his body, an act Bill doesn’t remember doing. He wakes Eddie up with a gentle hand and they walk home together, Eddie complaining about Richie’s party and his inability to remember how the night ended.

Bill can’t forget it.

The next week, a nasty rumor gets back to Bill. Eddie tells him it's just some bullshit an underclassmen is spreading, but Richie won't meet Bill's eye when he passes him in the hallway.

"Heard you cry after sex, Denbrough," Victor Criss sneers as Bill walks out of chemistry class with Eddie at his side. He makes an obscene jerk off motion and Eddie yells back that he's a dick. Bill notices Richie watching the exchange across the hall, head poking out from behind the door of his locker.

"Beep beep, Richie," Bill mouths and turns away. He hears Richie's locker door slam as he walks down the hall with his hands in his pockets.

Richie spends their senior year with his new friends. Bill tries so hard not to miss him.

2.

The night they graduate high school, Bill visits Eddie in the middle of the night.

Eddie is curled up in bed, facing the wall, when he hears a rock strike his window. He sits up and rubs his eyes, peeking at his alarm clock. It's two in the morning and someone is at his window. Another rock hits the glass and Eddie thinks he hears a muffled burst of laughter, familiar and a little worrying.

“Bill?” Eddie whispers, pushing his curtains open. His bedroom is on the ground floor, but the window is high enough that he only sees the top of Bill’s head. The other boy is standing with one hand behind his back and the other clutching a handful of pebbles. He looks up at Eddie, grinning, and mimes opening the window. Eddie does so, sliding the frame up and leaning out of it.

“Help m-me up?” Bill responds, smiling at Eddie with that Denbrough grin. He brings the hand behind his back out and holds up a bottle of vodka, a relatively nice brand. He tosses it up to Eddie without warning, laughing as Eddie catches it. The frosted glass shines in the light of the stars, and Eddie sets it down on his desk. When he peeks back out the window, Bill has a foot propped up on the side of his house and sticks a hand out for Eddie to grab. Eddie rolls his eyes takes it, hand clasping with Bill’s. He pulls and Bill’s foot finds purchase on the siding and then he’s tumbling in Eddie’s window. He crashes to the ground and lets out a loud laugh, which Eddie silences with a hand over Bill’s mouth.

“Shh!” Eddie whispers and Bill giggles, holding a finger up to his own lips. “Are you drunk?” Eddie asks, horrified at the idea of Bill driving over here wasted.

“I had h-half a d-drink,” Bill promises, shaking his head. It doesn’t make Eddie feel any better. He sits down on the chair at Eddie’s desk and cracks open the vodka. “Anyway, we’re c-c-celebrating,” he says and holds the bottle out to Eddie.

“We already had a party,” Eddie says but takes a pull from the bottle anyway. It’s a smoother alcohol than he’s used to but it burns the whole way down nonetheless.

“S-so? What if I w-wanted to c-celebrate alone with my buh-best friend?” Bill questions and takes the bottle of vodka back. He tips his head back to drink from it and Eddie’s eyes track the column of his neck.

“Does celebrating mean getting wasted in my bedroom in the middle of the night?” Eddie asks, gesturing to the clock. Bill shrugs and caps the bottle, setting it back down on Eddie’s desk with a soft clink. He leans back in his chair and Eddie crosses in front of him to perch on the edge of his bed, legs crossed. He rests his chin in one of his hands and watches as Bill’s eyes track around his bedroom, the same room he’s lived in all his life.

“What happens n-next?” Bill asks suddenly, leaning forward to rest his elbows on his knees. His eyes are on Eddie’s diploma, a framed certificate sitting on the desk. “What do we d-do now?”

“I dunno,” Eddie replies, shrugging one shoulder. Bill’s serious eyes are starting to scare him. “College?” he jokes, trying to diffuse the tension.

Bill laughs humorlessly and takes another drink of vodka, furrowing his eyebrows and choking a little as it goes down.

“What do you want me to say?” Eddie asks, frustrated at Bill’s maudlin attitude. This should be the happiest day of their lives, the day they can finally get out of this evil town, and Bill’s acting like it’s the end of the world. Bill offers him the bottle and Eddie shakes his head, staring at his friend in confusion.

“I w-want you,” Bill starts, looking down at the ground, “to tell me everything’s g-gonna be okay,” Eddie sighs a little, but he gets it now.

“It’s gonna be okay, Bill,” he promises, leaning forward to grab Bill’s shoulder. He squeezes once and drops his hand back into his lap, but Bill is still looking at him seriously. The air in the room is charged and Eddie is suddenly frightened, scared of the end they’re rapidly plummeting towards.

Bill’s eyes drift down to Eddie’s lips and then he leans forward, balancing himself with one hand on Eddie’s knee, and kisses him. His mouth tastes like alcohol, burning hot. He’s a little sloppy, tongue running over Eddie’s bottom lip aimlessly. Bill kisses him slowly, lazy like they have all the time in the world, and Eddie gets a little lost in it. They part with a wet sound and Eddie fists a hand in his pajama pants.

“Bill?” he whispers, eyes closed. He hears Bill roll forward in the chair, legs pushing against the edge of Eddie’s mattress.

“J-just,” Bill starts and Eddie opens his eyes to see Bill leaning forward, eyes bright. “T-tell me if you wuh-want me to s-stop,” and then he’s standing from the chair and pushing himself into Eddie’s space, climbing up onto the bed with his knees on either side of Eddie’s legs. He takes Eddie’s face in his hands and holds him still, trying to get comfortable on Eddie’s lap. Eddie uncrosses his legs and lets himself be bracketed by Bill’s body and then Bill’s kissing him again, hot and wet.

There’s no time for Eddie to contemplate if it’s weird or not. But if he

were to pick, kissing Bill just feels *right* . His mouth is familiar and foreign at the same time and Eddie is thoroughly enjoying learning it. He lets out a little gasp and Bill reacts to it bodily, pressing his chest to Eddie's and clutching at Eddie's chin with one hand while the other wraps around to tangle in Eddie's hair.

Bill presses Eddie back and down until he's balancing on his elbows, shoulders burning as he holds himself upright. Bill's knees cling to his hips and Eddie tries not to react as Bill's crotch presses into him. He breathes hard into Bill's mouth and tries to focus on staying upright, pressed into Bill as much as he can. The position is too awkward though and Eddie's arms give out under him, bringing Bill crashing down on top of him. Bill's teeth clack against his and Eddie is sure he bites his tongue hard enough to draw blood but he doesn't care. Bill tastes like vodka and they're finally free.

He lets himself get lost in Bill again, closing his eyes and letting the other boy trace down his neck with wet lips. He sucks into the skin under Eddie's ear and he has to bite down on his lower lip to avoid crying out and waking his Ma. His feet dangle off the side of the bed and he kicks them a little, hearing his heels hit the edge of the mattress. Bill travels lower, tracing lips underneath the collar of Eddie's shirt. He slides further and further downwards, pushing Eddie's shirt up to kiss at his stomach, and Eddie hopes Bill isn't weirded out by Eddie's very obvious erection.

Bill looks up at him, one last silent command for Eddie to tell him if this isn't okay, and then he slides his fingers in the waistband of Eddie's pants and pulls them down. Bill runs a hand over his thigh, forcing his legs apart slowly, and licks his lips and Eddie cannot believe this is happening.

Bill takes Eddie in his mouth, looking up with those wide blue eyes,

and Eddie throws his head back, turning to the side so he won't come just from the image of his cock disappearing between Bill's lips. He clenches a fist in the sheets and brings the other one up to bite down on, muffling his moans as Bill bobs up and down on him. When he looks back down, he catches Bill spitting on his hand before bringing it up to grab the base for leverage. His hand is warm and wet and strong and Eddie shudders. Bill pumps his hand on the base and swirls his tongue around the head and Eddie knows he's going to come soon. There's no stopping it when Bill's looking at him with those eyes.

"Bill," Eddie warns breathlessly, chest heaving. Bill looks back up at him again, eyes bright, and he pulls his mouth off. He spits in his hand again and uses it to jack Eddie off, moving at a brutal pace. Eddie watches transfixed as Bill reaches down and unbuttons his jeans before stuffing his other hand down the front, palming his own cock. The image tips Eddie over the edge fully and he doesn't have time to warn Bill before he's coming, shooting all over the front of Bill's shirt.

He rides the aftershocks, Bill working him through the whole thing, face pressed into the sheets.

When he finally stops twitching, he looks up to see Bill watching him with his mouth tipped just a little bit open, hand pumping under his briefs. Eddie sits up immediately and leans forward into Bill's space to coax him along.

"Come on, Bill," he whispers, kissing along Bill's chin and down to his neck. He reaches down and slides a hand across Bill's stomach and into his underwear. Bill's cock is dripping and Eddie pushes his hand aside to grasp it, twirling his fingers along the head. He gets in two good strokes, lips pressed to Bill's throat, and then Bill's coming

with a too-loud groan. Eddie leans back to watch his face as he does and revels in the way his mouth tips open and his forehead scrunches up. Bill's come gets all over his hand and Eddie shudders a little internally at the mess of it all but Bill's shaking thighs and stuttering breath are worth the mess.

Eddie pulls back and wipes his hand on the edge of the sheets, pulling his pants back up after he does, and then rolls so he can get onto his hands and knees. He crawls back up into bed, head resting against his only pillow. Bill looks at him tentatively for a moment and Eddie rolls his eyes.

"Come here," he says, slapping the space beside him. "You can stay here a while longer,"

"Are you s-sure?" Bill asks and Eddie nods. Bill slides under the covers tentatively and turns away from Eddie, curling up facing the wall. Eddie thinks for a moment and then scoots forward to wrap his arms around Bill's middle, pressing his chest into the other boy's back.

"Is this okay?" Eddie asks, breath making the hair on the back of Bill's head move. Bill nods slowly, a hand coming up to tangle in Eddie's over his stomach, and Eddie closes his eyes in contentment.

He's almost asleep when he notices the shaking. Bill's shoulders are heaving minutely and Eddie tightens his hold in surprise.

"I'm f-fine," Bill says before he can ask and his voice is shaky. Eddie pulls him around and tries to make Bill face him, but the other boy

fighting against his hold. Eddie turns around and flicks his bedside lamp on and sits up, turning to look at Bill in the shallow light. Bill turns his body towards him but keeps his face turned away, but Eddie sees now.

Bill's crying.

The tears track down his cheeks, eyes red and irritated, and Bill looks ashamed. He tucks his face into his own shoulder and Eddie's heart breaks a little at the way Bill seems to be trying to hide from him. As if he's doing something shameful.

"I- I'm sorry," he whispers and his voice is hoarse. Eddie shakes his head and turns around for just a minute to grab him a tissue from the bedside table. Bill takes it gratefully and blows his nose loudly and Eddie only cringes a little bit.

"Better?" Eddie asks, taking the tissue to throw down on the floor and wondering when he became such a fucking mom. But Bill nods, eyes closed and eyelashes dark against his cheeks, and Eddie knows he'd do anything to make Bill happy.

"I'm s-s-sorry," Bill repeats, quieter this time, and Eddie shakes his head, sinking back down against the pillow.

"Oh, Bill," Eddie says in response and brings the other boy's head to his chest, pressing him against his heart. He runs his fingers through Bill's hair, just like he knows his mom used to do for him when he was upset. Eddie wonders when the last time Bill's mom held him as he cried was. "Don't ever be sorry,"

The floodgates open.

Bill starts to sob for real, shoulders wracking, and he's so loud Eddie is genuinely afraid his mom is going to hear but he doesn't have it in him to quiet Bill. He just presses Bill further into his neck and rubs down his back with the other hand, scratching lightly across his spine.

Bill cries into his chest and Eddie tries not to feel secretly pleased that Bill, his best friend in the whole world, feels comfortable enough to do this. That Bill trusts him enough to let Eddie see this side of him.

He falls asleep with a wet shirt and Bill's hair tickling his nose.

Bill sneaks out his window the next morning, leaving behind a half-full bottle of vodka that Eddie has to figure out a hiding place for. Eddie closes the window behind him and watches him walk across the lawn and down the street to his parked car. He's just about to shut the curtain and go back to bed when Bill turns around. He raises a single hand and waves at Eddie. His hair shines in the early morning sunlight and his clothes are rumpled. He's beautiful, and he's leaving.

Eddie slides the curtain shut.

3.

Mike Hanlon looks up from his desk to see his old friend, Big Bill

Denbrough, standing inexplicably in the Derry library on a Wednesday afternoon.

He'd only called what, last night? And Bill is already here, standing with his hands in his pockets and looking like he hasn't slept since Mike rang him some eighteen hours ago.

"I didn't expect you so soon," Mike says, surprised, after he hugs Bill. The man's shoulders are broad and strong under Mike's hands. He's taller than Bill now, leaning down slightly to look him in the eye, and Mike kind of loves it.

"I came as soon as I could," Bill replies, shrugging, and Mike claps down his shoulder.

"Anyway, it's good to see you, buddy," Mike says. Bill smiles at him, just as bright as when they were kids, and Mike remembers a childhood full of looking up to Bill. He always wished he was as smart as Bill, as naturally charismatic. He didn't envy the pressure on Bill's shoulders, nor his tragic self-sacrificing tendencies, but he did admire the way Bill could walk into any room and command attention.

He leads Bill the few blocks to his house, offering to take him to pick up his car in the morning, and promising that Bill doesn't have to pay for a hotel room tonight.

"I've got a guest room," Mike says and Bill shrugs, shouldering his duffle bag. He's quieter than Mike remembers, letting Mike tell him what he's missed in Derry. He doesn't mention any of their other friends and Mike wonders if he's remembered them yet or if he only knows of Mike and It.

“I have a surprise for you,” Mike says, after they’ve eaten dinner. Bill pushes his plate away and raises an eyebrow at Mike across the table. There’s a mounting tension in the room that Mike doesn’t quite understand, a thrumming under his skin, and he can’t wait any longer to show Bill his gift. It’s been gathering dust for months now, just waiting for the prodigal son to return, and Mike is so excited for him to see it.

The sun has already set, sky turning orange and red and then purple as Mike leads Bill out to his backyard. He unlocks the unused shed and makes Bill turn around while he grabs something.

“Check out what I found,” he says, wheeling a rusty Silver out of his shed. “She was in the window of some pawn shop downtown,”

Bill turns and his mouth drops open, eyes running down the angles of his old bike. The handlebars are a little bent and Mike had to fix the flat back tire, but other than that she’s in good shape. Bill steps forward to run his fingers over the seat, tentative, like he’s afraid it’s going to disappear in a puff of smoke at his touch.

He gets down on one knee and Mike smiles as he spins one of the pedals, watching as the spokes turn. Bill fiddles with the tire a little bit, pressing down to make sure it’s got enough air, and Mike watches fondly as he runs his hand up the body and to the handlebars.

“Maybe needs a little WD40,” Mike says absentmindedly and Bill’s head flicks up to look at him. There’s something like gratitude shining in his eyes and Mike ducks his head at the look.

“H-How-“ Bill starts, but Mike shushes him. He knows what Bill is about to say and he needs no repayment.

“You used to ride this thing to beat the Devil,” Mike says, sighing a little, “ and we’ve got one hell of a Devil on our heels, Bill,”

Bill furrows his eyebrows in response and stands, placing his hands on Silver’s seat, and leans over the bike to kiss Mike’s cheek. His lips are chapped but warm and Mike feels the heat spread through his entire body. The setting sun has stolen the warmth of the day and Mike notices Bill suppress a shiver.

“She’ll still be here in the morning,” Mike promises, leading the bike back into his shed. Bill watches it the whole way, eyes tracking Mike’s hands on the handlebars. He almost feels self conscious under the scrutinization but Bill’s eyes are warm and there’s a soft smile on his face.

They share a bottle of wine while sitting at the kitchen table, swapping what little stories of Derry they remember. Bill looks a little wistful when he reminds Mike of the time they rode their bikes out to the Hanlon farm and ate dinner with Mike’s parents. It’s one of Mike’s favorite memories too, full of laughter and good stories and Mike’s mom’s famous blueberry pie. Mike offers a story about swimming in the quarry, telling Bill about Richie attempting to dunk him for hours, and he sees Bill frown a bit. There’s just a hint of recollection in his face, but Mike knows it’ll take time before the memories of his friends come back. Just a little more time.

It’s nearing one in the morning when Bill starts yawning.

“Time for bed,” Mike says, standing from the chair with a groan. His joints protest the movement after hours of disuse. “We can take Silver out for a ride tomorrow morning,”

There’s something unrecognizable in Bill’s eyes when Mike holds out a hand to help him up. The tension from earlier is back, a drum beat that throbs through Mike’s blood. It’s like he’s flipped a switch and Bill is a different person, someone whose eyes stalk Mike’s every move.

He leads Bill upstairs, legs shaking a little, and shows him the bathroom and the guest room at the end of the hall. Bill nods at them, setting his duffle in the doorway to the guest room, but when Mike turns to return to his master bedroom at the end of the hall, Bill follows.

“Goodnight, Bill,” Mike says, a little confused, and goes to close his bedroom door, but Bill’s hand shoots out and grabs the edge of it. His eyes are dark, heated, and he licks his lips.

He only has a moment to think before Bill’s crowding into his space, kissing him hard and fast.

It’s kind of a blur after that, no concrete memory sticking out, and it’s all something that Mike feels is happening to somebody else. It feels like he’s not in his own body, just watching from the sidelines.

He blows Bill, kneeling on the floor in front of his own bed. He’s out

of practice, a little hesitant, but Bill's moans are encouraging. Mike feels him slide a hand into the hair at the nape of his neck and he holds him there, as if he's confident that they're no where else Mike would rather be.

Bill's thighs are strong under his hands, flexing and shaking every time he swirls his tongue. It's almost intoxicating, breathing in Bill's scent and tasting him on his tongue. It's like nothing Mike's ever done before and he feels drunk with power, the kind of confidence that comes with watching someone shake apart above you.

He pulls back to lick the curve of Bill's pelvis, hand working Bill's cock, and tracks a line to Bill's hip. He rubs a thumb over the head of Bill's cock and when he's sure the skin he licked is still wet, he blows cool air on it. Bill chokes a little, almost a laugh, and his cock leaks over Mike's hand.

His hips are arching slightly, rocking forward into Mike's grip, and Mike places a hand on Bill's hip and pushes, holding him down. Bill groans and Mike leans forward to take the head of his cock in his mouth again. It only takes another few swirls of his tongue, fingers white knuckle pressing Bill down, and Bill comes with a shout.

Mike strokes him through it, watching as Bill's eyes flutter closed, and leans up to kiss the side of his mouth.

He's just about to reach down and press against the front of his pants, just to give himself a little relief, when he notices something. Bill's head is thrown back, clothed chest heaving, and there's a tear falling down his face. Mike watches as it splashes on Bill's shirt, turning the sky blue cotton dark.

“Bill?” he asks and Bill’s blue eyes open, red and irritated. His hand reaches up and he touches his cheek, pulling back to look at his wet finger in surprise.

“Wow,” Bill says, looking almost a little sick, “Haven’t done that in a while,”

“Done what?” Mike asks, sitting back on his heels. Bill wipes the tear away but Mike can still see its remnants, line burning down Bill’s cheek. He’s not sure what it means, but he doesn’t like it. Bill shakes his head and turns away from him, pulling his shirt over his head.

“Nevermind,” he says shortly and pulls Mike in to kiss him. He runs a hand down Mike’s stomach to reach for his dick, but Mike’s erection had flagged the moment he saw Bill crying. He’s pretty sure there’s no way he’s gonna get it back up.

“It’s fine,” he says, and stands. It really is. Mike thinks, distantly, that had he gone through with officially having sex with Bill, he wouldn’t be able to face It. If he’d tasted the fruit, found out what it was really like for Bill to focus undivided attention on him, Mike is sure he wouldn’t be able to go down to Its den and die anymore.

It’s better for both of them if he doesn’t let himself get lost in Bill Denbrough.

He tracks across the room, feeling Bill’s eyes on him, and opens the bedroom window. He grabs a cigarette and a box of matches from the

bedside table and lights up, breathing in the smoke. He blows it out in the general direction of the window and goes back over to bed to offer Bill the cigarette.

Bill takes it, sniffing a little, and breathes in a long pull. He holds it in his lungs a long time, eyes watering, and exhales in a rush. The smoke drifts towards Mike's ceiling and Bill hands the cigarette back to him.

Mike finishes it leaning against the windowsill, watching Derry go to sleep for the night. By the time it's down to the filter, Bill's asleep. His cheeks are tear stained and he looks younger in sleep than in waking. Mike flicks the cigarette out the window and then slides it shut as quietly as he can.

Mike climbs into bed beside him and falls asleep to the sound of Bill's soft breath.

4.

Bill visits Ben's hotel room the night after their walking tours, knocking on the door with purpose and only a little hesitance. Ben opens it, only half expecting to see It on the other side, but it's just Bill.

Bill with his hands in his pockets and a sheepish smile on his face. There's really only one reason he could be here and Ben doesn't want to think about what happened on his tour, the clown following him into the library.

Ben invites him in anyway, letting Bill walk past him into the small hotel room. There's only one chair for him to sit on if he doesn't want to sit on the bed and Bill sinks into it with cracking knees.

"So," Bill starts and Ben holds a hand up to him in a gesture to pause. Bill's mouth clicks shut and Ben crosses the room to the mini fridge. He opens it up and grabs the half empty bottle of Wild Turkey he'd bought as soon as he'd arrived in Derry and picks up two plastic complimentary hotel cups. He holds the bottle up to Bill but the man shakes his head. Ben shrugs and pours himself a finger, sitting down on the edge of his bed. He knocks it back and then gestures for Bill to pick up where he left off.

"So," Bill starts again. "Did you see It?"

"Yeah," Ben starts. He pours himself another drink and feels Bill's eyes on him as he takes it, head tipped back. He wipes his mouth and begins his story, telling Bill all about the library and the clown and Its terrible omen.

"It got Barbara Starlett," Ben wraps up, looking down at his hands. "She was the child librarian, if you remember, and It killed her for no reason other than to get to me," He wipes a hand over his face and hears Bill let out a little hum. The other man was silent through his whole story, contemplative, and Ben wonders what he saw. If he saw anything at all.

"It's not g-gonna g-get to you," Bill says and Ben lets out a wry laugh. He contemplates taking another drink but the bottle is already getting too low and he knows he's gonna need it for later.

“Sure, Big Bill,” Ben says and leans back just a little further in bed, balancing on one elbow.

“You know, I a-always l-looked up to you wuh-when we were ki-kids,” Bill confesses after a moment of silence and Ben is shocked. He knew they were friends yeah, but he had always kind of got the underlying feeling at Bill just put up with him. “You’re a n-natural born l-leader,” Bill says and Ben shakes his head.

“Not like you,” Ben replies and Bill angles his hips in the chair, spinning to look at Ben head on. His legs are open, knees bent, and Ben tries not to look. “Not fearless,”

“I’m afraid of l-lots of s-stuff,” Bill says quietly.

Ben tries, he really does, not to kiss Bill. He doesn’t want to give Bill any ideas, doesn’t want him to think Ben’s been harboring some crush on him for all these years. It’s just, Bill makes him feel safe. Makes Ben feel protected. And Ben’s scared, more afraid than he’s been in years.

He can’t help himself, so he leans in and captures Bill’s mouth. The other man responds immediately, tangling a finger in Ben’s beard, tugging lightly at the hair, and bringing Ben’s face closer so he can kiss him. It doesn’t take long for their kiss to grow heated, Bill’s tongue sliding hot and wet against Ben’s and his pants are growing tighter with every passing moment.

Bill frantically unbuckles his own pants, Ben's hands running down to rest on his hips. He strips down to his underwear and unbuttons Ben's shirt, pushing the sides open to lean down and kiss down Ben's chest. The closer he gets to Ben's cock, breath ghosting over his stomach, the more Ben's worried he's gonna come in his pants like some teenager.

"Bill," he moans as the man sucks lightly against his hipbone. "Bill, if you don't stop, I'm going to embarrass myself."

Bill leans back to grin wickedly at Ben and then he's climbing off the bed to dig around in his pants pocket. He brandishes a small bottle of lotion like it's a great prize and Ben laughs.

"You came prepared," Ben notes and Bill flushes from the tips of his ears down to his neck. Ben takes his pants off, kicking them to the floor along with his boxers, and Bill settles between his legs. He squirts some lotion onto his fingers and there's a moment where Ben's a little afraid that Bill is going to be the first person to ever fuck him, but then Bill's reaching back behind himself.

"God," Ben groans, and has to squeeze the base of his cock. Bill bites his lower lip and smiles a little bit and Ben can't help but lean forward to kiss his cheek, tracking down his jawline with his lips.

Ben watches as Bill stretches himself open, eyes squeezed shut and cock leaking all over his stomach. He takes three fingers, Ben's beard scratching over his neck and collarbone, and then he pushes Ben back to lie on his back. He slides a condom over Ben's cock and positions himself over Ben. There's sweat dripping down his hairline and Ben presses his thumbs into Bill's hip bones, so sure he's going to leave bruises.

Bill sinks down onto his cock with a breathy gasp and only gives Ben a second to adjust, trying desperately not to shoot his load right then, before he's lifting himself up and sliding back down. He's so tight, hot as fuck on Ben's cock and he knows this isn't going to last nearly as long as either of them want it to.

Ben's hand travels up Bill's chest, touch feather light and almost tickling, a sharp contrast to the burn of him stretching Bill open. He presses down lightly against Bill's clavicle and the man moans, sinking down rhythmically on Ben's cock. His eyes are blown wide and Ben can't help but watch as he bites his lip and fists his hands in the sheets.

"Harder," Bill whispers between clenched teeth and Ben almost comes undone right there, at the commanding tone.

He presses down just a little harder, hand circled around the man's Adam's apple, and presses his other fingers hard into Bill's hip. He watches as Bill reaches down and starts to jack himself off frantically and Ben moves so his thumb rests against Bill's windpipe, just the ghost of a touch. He works himself up to a brutal pace, slamming up into Bill as fast as he can, and then squeezes his hand, cutting off Bill's oxygen. Bill's eyes roll back in his head and he comes, face red and mouth opening soundlessly.

It tips Ben over the edge and he comes buried deep in Bill, groaning deep and long.

When Ben drifts back down, his hand is still resting on Bill's neck and the other man has turned his face away, climbing off Ben and curling

into bed away from him.

“Shit, Bill, I’m sorry,” Ben starts sputtering, backing off with his hands raised, “I should have asked, fuck,”

He scrambles to the edge of the bed and sits there, facing Bill with his hands up in surrender. The sweat on his chest is cooling and he shivers a little bit. He sees the moment Bill comes back to himself, eyes snapping open as he sits up.

“No, no,” Bill rushes. His hair is a mess and there’s a red spot on his neck already starting to bruise and Ben thinks he’s gonna be sick. “It’s okay, it’s really okay,” he promises. There are tears spilling down his cheeks now, but they don’t look like tears of fright or distrust like Ben assumed. They’re gentle tears, the kind Ben cries sometimes when it’s really late at night and a strange love for his life floods into his heart.

Bill wipes at his face and looks away from Ben again.

“Do you wanna... talk about it?” Ben asks and Bill shakes his head with a small smile. He holds a hand out to Ben and beckons him back to bed, patting the space beside him. Ben goes slowly, crawling back up the bed and settling against the headboard to Bill’s right. Bill sniffs a little, wiping his nose with the side of his forearm, and then settles down into bed, leaning over to rest his head on Ben’s shoulder.

“It was really good,” Bill promises, lips brushing Ben’s shoulder. His tears are warm and Ben wonders how often this happens to Bill. He wonders if he’s the first.

“Well,” Ben says, leaning over to grab the remote and turning the TV on. “Safe word next time, then,”

Bill laughs through his tears and they watch the news together.

5.

Bill walks Bev back to her room, the night they meet in the library with the rest of the Losers, and stands outside of her door for a long moment.

Bev’s own story, the story of her last fight with her father, replays over and over in her head as they climb the hotel stairs. Bill’s hand is heavy in hers and she’s struck by a sudden need, a need to be close with him again.

They’re drifted these past years, forgotten each other over and over and Beverly just wants one night, one night where she can convince herself that Bill is hers again. Just one night where she can forget who she is and who he is and just be together.

“Kiss me?” She asks, running a finger up the lapel of his jacket and he smiles at her, soft and guarded. He leans down, crossing the threshold of her hotel room and closing the door behind himself.

He leads her towards the bed, a hand on the back of her neck, and sets her down carefully.

Bill's the most gentle lover Beverly's ever had. He takes his sweet time, kissing her chastely and kindly as he unbuckles his pants and pulls her shirt over her head. It's nothing like anything she's ever had before, his touch reverent and gliding. He looks at her like she's something holy, and Bev finds herself shying away from his gentle eyes and soft hands.

Bill kisses up her neck, mouthing along her jawline tenderly, and Bev suppresses a shudder. It feels wrong, to be worshiped and praised when most men just take what they think they're deserved. Bill feels her tense up and immediately stops, pulling back to look at her. His lips are kiss-bruised and he's blushing pink.

"Are you okay?" Bill asks and Beverly's instincts tell her to flee, to run away and never look back, to forget all about this. She doesn't deserve it, she knows that, and she feels like she's lying to Bill. He doesn't know about all the terrible things she's done and if he did he wouldn't want to be here with her, kissing her like she's worthy.

It's too late to stop now, she supposes. So she nods carefully, avoiding his eye and leaning forward to kiss him again. He turns his head to the side and she misses his mouth, kissing the side of his cheek.

Then Bill does another something that no one else has ever done before. He climbs off Beverly.

"It's okay," he assures her as he starts to rifle around on the floor for his pants and Bev feels like she's missed something.

"Bill?" she calls, furrowing her eyebrow. She pulls the covers up

around her shoulders and watches as Bill searches for his belt. "Bill, what are you doing?"

"I'm not gonna make you do anything you don't want to do, Bev," Bill says in a rush, stepping into his pants. The blush runs down his neck and onto his chest and Bev wants to know what it feels like under her tongue. He doesn't look angry, just a little embarrassed and Bev feels like a dick.

"I want it," she argues and he sighs at her.

"You don't have to want it," he says quietly and Bev bites her lip. She's not lying to herself when she says she wants to be with Bill, she just doesn't want it to be so... raw. She wishes she were somebody else, somebody who could share Bill's tenderness and passion but she isn't and there's nothing they can do to change that. The light from the lamp casts shadows across Bill's face, highlighting the gentle curve of his lips and the way his eyes shine. "I'm not mad," he promises and Bev nods. She knows he isn't. It doesn't change the fact that she wants it all and yet none of it at the same time.

"Just," she starts, picking at her fingernails. "Just stop looking at me like that," she says and looks down at the covers, running her hand over the duvet to distract herself from the heat of Bill's eyes on her.

"Like what?" he asks and Bev knows he knows what she means but he's gonna make her say it and Bev has never felt so embarrassed in her life.

"Like I'm something precious," she spits out and Bill sighs. She

doesn't look up but she hears him drop his belt to the floor and then he sinks down onto the corner of the bed, facing the door. When she looks up, his shoulders are drawn in and she traces the knobs of his spine with her eyes all the way up to the top of his head and then back down.

"You are," she hears him say.

"Come here," she begs of him and he turns to look at her with kind eyes. He never could say no to her. He crawls back up the bed and over her, balancing his knees on either side of her hips. She leans up and captures his lips in a kiss again

"Are you sure?" he asks finally, pressing his forehead against hers and making her go cross-eyed to look him in the eye. There's something in those eyes that Beverly can't place, a tenderness she's not ready to unpack. His chest heaves against hers, skin glistening in the moonlight, and Bev can't help but run a hand through his hair, scratching lightly at his scalp. He kisses her once more and Bev nods against his forehead, closing her eyes. She bites her lip and feels him sigh against her mouth and then his hands are sliding up her thighs to part her legs and Bev lets herself get lost in the softness of Bill Denbrough.

He shudders as he comes, his breath stuttering against her ear and Bev feels a wetness on her cheek, a tear running down her face. She brings a hand up to touch it, wondering when she started crying, but a choked breath from Bill stops her. She turns to look at him and he's wiping at his face with a shaking hand, tears flowing down his cheeks freely.

"Bill?" she asks, her voice at a whisper and she feels her own eyes

start to fill with tears.

“Sorry,” he apologizes, tentatively like he knows he has nothing to apologize for, and Bev shakes her head. She lets her tears fall, mascara running down her cheeks and staining her face.

Bill turns away from her, hunching his shoulders and curling into himself on his side of the bed. Beverly doesn’t mind. She figures they could both use some space.

She turns on her side, away from him, and tries to forget the look in his eyes when he’d kissed her. She wonders if she’s ever going to be able to be with another man without comparing him to the love she feels with Bill.

“I love you,” Beverly whispers finally, voice thick. She wipes a stray tear away and tries not to snuffle into her pillow too loudly.

“Thanks, Bev,” Bill responds back.

When she wakes up in the morning, he’s gone. The only thing left of him is an indentation in the side of her bed and a tear stained pillow.

6.

The night he sleeps with Bev, Bill sneaks out of her room at five am and returns to his own. The hotel hallway is drenched in soft yellow

light and the carpet whispers beneath his feet. He turns his key in the lock and enters his own dark room, cold from disuse throughout the day, and climbs into bed still in his clothes.

He tries to drift off to sleep but it's hard to do when there's no one in bed with him. It's lonely and Bill grabs an extra pillow, clutching it to his chest. The coldness of the room eventually lulls him and Bill falls asleep for a few more hours.

He dreams he's in the shower.

It's not the hotel shower, or his one at home. The bathtub is a traditional claw-foot tub, with ornate fixtures and a shower curtain wrapped all the way around it. The water is hot, steaming curling up towards the ceiling, and Bill splashes a little bit of it on his face. It feels real, warm and wet, and Bill blinks once and wipes it from his eyes. When he looks back up, he jumps.

There's a shadow on the other side of the curtain.

The water splashing from his body down to the floor is loud, bullet shots in the silent room, and he watches in horror as the shadow reaches a hand up slowly to tug the curtain back. Bill is stuck still, watching and unable to do anything as it grips the plastic curtain and pulls.

Stan Uris is on the other side. His hair is longer, curling tightly over his forehead, and he smiles at Bill, showing his dimples.

“Move over,” Stan commands and Bill does, mouth dropped open in shock. Distantly, he knows this is impossible. Stan is dead, bled out, and he’s dreaming this. Bill obeys the command anyway, stepping out of the spray of the shower head so Stan can climb in the bath. It’s cramped, bathtub much too small for two grown men, and Bill tries as hard as he can to keep distance between him and Stan.

Stan turns around, back facing Bill, to grab a shower knob, turning on a little cold water.

“Why do you like it so hot?” he asks, chuckling a little as tips his head back to wet his hair. The water runs down his collarbone and he looks so real, chest full of breath. Bill reaches shaking fingers out to run across Stan’s jaw.

He’s real. The skin is warm and smooth, just a hint of morning stubble, and Bill cups Stan’s face in one hand. Stan looks at him, eyebrows drawn together in confusion, and then he smiles again, softer this time.

Bill can’t help but lean forward and kiss him, to give in to this strange dream. His back is cold away from the water but Stan is warm and he presses into the heat. He tips his head to the side and Stan responds in kind, breathing in quickly through his nose and meeting Bill in the middle.

Stan maneuvers them again so Bill is half in the water, hitting off his body in a disjointed rhythm. He reaches a wet hand around to rest in the small of Bill’s back, other coming up around Bill’s head. He tips Bill back, holding him to his body, and leans Bill against the wall, shower curtain dangerously close to opening and letting the water spill all over the floor. Bill doesn’t care.

Stan presses against him, fitting a leg between Bill's thighs and his hand is tight on the back of Bill's head. He brings it around, brushing past Bill's ear, and cups Bill's chin. He pushes Bill's cheeks in, spreading his mouth open wider, and Bill lets his legs fall open in response. Stan presses further into him, thigh brushing Bill's cock, and Bill gasps into Stan's mouth.

He feels Stan's hand travel down his stomach, sliding like water, and grip his cock. He strokes forward, fingers brushing his own thigh, and Bill arches into it. Stan's fingers dig into his chin, tongue tracing his mouth, and Bill jerks into the circle of his hand without control. Stan tightens his hand, water sluicing between their bodies and Bill tries desperately not to come, to let this moment last forever.

Stan pulls back from kissing him to bite his neck and Bill shudders apart.

His orgasm rips through him, head hitting the wall with a loud bang, and Stan strokes him through, lips tracing up his jaw and neck. Bill lets himself live in it for just a moment longer, whimpering as Stan steps back out of his space.

He opens his eyes, ready to return the favor, but Stan is gone. The shower is empty, water turning ice cold. Bill fumbles to turn the faucet off, trying to peer through the white curtain to see where Stan's gone. He steps out of the shower and spots a white towel on the unfamiliar bathroom counter, grabbing it and wrapping it around his waist. He looks up at the foggy mirror, frowning and rubbing a hand over his eyes to clear away some of the water.

He moves to wipe the condensation away, rubbing at the mirror with a wet hand, and is startled yet again.

There's a shadow behind the shower curtain again.

It's inside, tucked against the wall, like whoever it is is laying in the bathtub. Bill turns slowly, water dripping down his hair and splashing against his bare feet on the tile. He walks carefully toward the bathtub, clutching the towel around his waist with shaky fingers. He takes a deep breath, remembering how nice the surprise was the first time, and yanks the curtain open.

It's not nice this time.

Stan is lying in the tub, eyes open, and he's dead. Bill looks at his cut wrists in horror, the blood dripping and turning the white tub red. He stumbles backwards in fear, tripping over the bathroom rug and almost going down.

Stan turns to him, eyes unseeing, and smiles. His teeth are red.

He brings a red hand up to point at the shower curtain, where's he's written *IT* in his own thick blood.

Bill wakes with a jolt, sitting up in bed. The sheets around him are damp, his skin clammy, and Bill panics for a moment that he's brought the dream back with him, water from the shower following him back to bed. He runs a hand over his cheek and pulls it back. His

hair is only a little wet and Bill realizes it's sweat, dripping down the small of his back and soaking his sheets.

The room is freezing, air conditioning turned all the way up, and Bill has somehow woke up in a pool of sweat.

He climbs out of bed, shirt sticking uncomfortably to his back, and stumbles to the bathroom.

The mirror reflects back a tired face, eyes sunken in and framed by dark circles. His hair is a mess and Bill gives up on trying to flatten it. He glances over at the hotel shower, pink porcelain that looks different enough from his dream that it doesn't conjure fear in his heart.

He peels his shirt off and leans over to turn it on, warming up the pipes and letting steam fill the room.

He turns the water on as hot as it will go and then leans back to step out of his jeans, kicking them towards the door.

He climbs in the shower and lets the hot water beat down over his body, loosening his joints and soothing tired muscles. He blinks and sees Stan when he closes his eyes, smiling and content, and Bill can't help the sob that bubbles up out of his throat. He tips his head forward and lets the shower drench his head, chin tipped into his chest and lip worrying between his teeth.

His tears mix in with the hot water and Bill cries for Stan Uris one last time.

7.

Richie follows Bill into the Deadlights and pulls him out.

It's not as difficult as Richie expected it to be. He watches in horror as Bill struggles against it, nose and ears gushing blood, and he jumps into the abyss. The Deadlights are a void, a vacuum that sucks the breath out of Richie's lungs and makes him feel impenetrable fear.

When they come back down, there's no time to celebrate. The sewer is collapsing down around them and Richie has to support Eddie the entire way out, a makeshift tourniquet over the other man's missing arm. When they finally make it up to the streets, the entire town of Derry has been ravaged. The pavement is split and the streets are collapsing underneath their feet.

Richie passes Eddie off to a paramedic and watches as Mike crawls in the back of the ambulance with him. Ben takes Bev back to a motel outside of town, promising to meet up with them in the morning after a long night of sleep, and then it's just Richie and Bill.

It's been a long time since it was just Richie and Bill.

They avoid the press, skirting around the police who are trying to take statements from residents, and try to find a hotel that isn't ravaged.

They barely make it through the door before Richie is pinning Bill up against the wall, hands unbuckling his belt shakily. Both of their clothes are wet and covered in unmentionable filth and Richie struggles to get out of his wet jeans. Bill pulls back, Richie following his mouth, and looks Richie in the eyes seriously.

“The last time we did this, you made fun of me.” Bill says and Richie feels guilt curl in his stomach.

“I was a stupid kid.” Richie responds and Bill shakes his head. His wet hair splashes on Richie’s cheek but Richie can’t bring himself to care about the mess when Bill’s hand is tangling in the hair at the back of his head.

“You h-hurt my feelings, Rich,” Bill says and the guilt starts to harden. Richie hates that Bill’s doing this to him now and almost pushes back and off. Then Bill leans down and starts to suck at Richie’s neck and he forgets his anger.

“I didn’t get it,” Richie says, throat moving under Bill’s lips. “I don’t get it,” he remedies and Bill hums low in his throat.

“Do you want to?” Bill asks, leaning back to look at Richie with dark eyes. There’s a challenge in his words and Richie shudders all over, cock growing harder in his pants. He nods, once, and Bill moves off him. He pulls his shirt over his head and walks toward the bed, jutting his head in a gesture for Richie to follow. Richie strips his own shirt off and does.

“It’s all about,” Bill starts, sitting back onto the bed, “letting yourself

feel it ,”

Richie walks towards him, pants unbuttoned, and settles between Bill's spread legs. Bill's cock is a thick line against the seam of his pants and Richie groans a little bit at the sight. Leave it to Bill to be packing heat.

“I *feel* just fine,” Richie argues and Bill laughs a little. He holds a hand out and Richie takes it, letting himself be pulled onto Bill's lap. Bill falls backwards and Richie goes with him, settling over top of him and rocking a little down. Bill jerks his hips up, grinding his cock against Richie's ass and Richie gasps a little, steadying himself with a hand on the bed next to Bill's head. He leans down to kiss Bill, bare chest rubbing against Bill's. The other man's chest hair is coarse and it almost makes Richie laugh, tickling his chest.

“Come on, Big Bill,” Richie says playfully, mouth running away from him. “Give me something to cry about,”

“Shut up,” Bill commands suddenly and flips them over so he's on top. He grabs hold of the underside of Richie's knees and pulls him down against his hips, just this side of too rough. “For once in your l-life, shut the f-fuck up,”

Richie clamps his mouth shut and Bill quickly strips him off his pants and underwear. He runs his big hands over Richie's thighs, fingers slightly calloused, and Richie shivers.

“Do you h-have anything?” Bill asks suddenly, dropping the dominant tone. Richie nods, jerking his chin toward the bedside drawer.

“I’ve got-“ He’s cut off by a hand pushing his face down into the bed. Bill brushes a finger over the exposed column of his neck and grabs hold of Richie’s hair.

“I thought I told you to shut up.” Bill says flatly, yanking on Richie’s curls. He pushes Richie’s head into the mattress once more and then rolls over to rifle around in the drawer. Richie is pretty sure this is the most turned on he’s ever been. Bill returns with a bottle of lotion and a wrapped condom.

Bill stretches him open torturously slow, fingers crooked and searching. He keeps his other hand steady on Richie’s knee, holding him open. Richie tries once to reach down and touch himself, just to relieve some of the ache, but Bill slaps his hand away and pulls all but one finger out.

“Be patient,” he soothes, kissing Richie’s knee. He makes Richie get used to the first finger again, moving only minutely, chuckling at the way Richie groans. Finally he pushes another two fingers in. He works them around, almost bringing Richie to the crest, and then pulls back again. It’s a cruel game that Richie isn’t sure he wants to win.

“I’m ready,” Richie grits out between clenched teeth and Bill looks at him with dark eyes. His mouth is open slightly, a blush coloring his cheeks, and Richie isn’t sure how long he’s going to be able to last when Bill finally gets inside him. He flops backwards again, head hitting the sheets. He’s worried his speaking will make Bill draw back again, just to piss him off, and it does. Bill takes his fingers out and Richie is almost embarrassingly angry to feel them go, but then he looks down to see Bill rolling a condom over his dick.

He thrusts in agonizingly slow. It burns, white hot and so fucking good, and Richie presses back eagerly. He wants to set a brutal pace, to let the sound of Bill fucking him reverberate throughout the room, but he knows Bill won't go for that. He rocks his hips into Richie lazily, almost like an afterthought. He lets Richie get used to it, soft thrusts making his cock bounce on his stomach, and then leans down.

He brackets Richie's head with his elbows, face pressed close to Richie's own, and breathes. It's almost intoxicating, having Bill so close and in his space and Richie wants to get lost in it forever. Bill speeds his thrusts up, slamming just a little harder into Richie and leans down to whisper in his ear.

"Just let yourself get l-lost in it," Bill whispers, hips rocking forward hard enough to shake the headboard against the wall. He draws back to lick his palm and then grabs Richie's cock between their bodies, stroking down with a firm grip. "Let your emotions take hold," His voice is shaking and he swallows roughly. Richie watches the way his throat works and struggles not to throw his head back and ride it all out. Instead, he focuses on Bill's eyes and the way they're already starting to look particularly teary.

"Are you getting choked up?" Richie can't help but ask, but his words are punctuated with a sharp moan as Bill slams forward into him, hips slapping against Richie's ass. He's about to say something else, maybe make fun of Bill's stutter, but Bill claps a hand over his open mouth. His palm is big and he presses down hard and Richie's eyes widen.

"Give in, R-Rich," Bill commands, voice low in his throat and Richie tries not to let it get to him but Bill's eyes are dark and wet and the

hand on his cock is tight. The air is heavy, sweat sticking to his forehead and Bill's breath in his ear is humid, settling into his bones. Bill presses down just a little harder, palm over Richie's mouth, and the pressure is suffocating. He shifts a little, fucking himself down on Bill's cock, and Bill lets his middle finger slip into Richie's mouth, getting coated in saliva immediately.

"Richie," Bill moans, wrist twisting a little on the upstroke and Richie comes, groaning against Bill's hand. He breathes through his nose, eyes squeezed shut, and rides it out as Bill slams into him.

"You're a good boy, Richie," Bill whispers in his ear and Richie shivers, still twitching through the aftershocks as Bill continues to fuck him. The burn is consuming and he's still so sensitive but Bill doesn't stop to let him catch his breath. The hand on his mouth moves and Richie gasps in a deep breath, spit dripping down his chin, as Bill grabs hold of his hair.

"Would you let Eddie fuck you like this?" Bill questions and Richie jerks, head thrown to the side. His movement makes Bill pull his hair a little bit and it's too much. Everything, from Bill's cock stretching him open to the hand in his hair, is too much, and he looks up at Bill to see the man biting his lip, eyes squeezed shut. There's a single tear tracking down Bill's cheek, threatening to fall with every movement of Bill's body. It finally does, dripping down and dropping on Richie's stomach and it feels like fire on his body.

Richie feels tears prick at the corner of his vision, infuriating and unwanted. He tries to blink them away but then he thinks about that night, all those years ago. The night he made fun of Bill; the night he embarrassed his friend and broke his trust.

It's too much.

He can't stop himself, too caught up in all of it, and the tears run down the side of his face and into the sheets. He doesn't think Bill's noticed yet, too caught up in his own pleasure to notice Richie having some sort of emotional breakdown underneath him. He twists his head to the side, Bill pulling his hair just a little bit again, and cries into the pillow. He brings his hands up and grabs hold of Bill's hips, pulling him in harder and faster and he feels Bill start to unravel apart. The tears won't stop falling.

"J-jesus, Bill," Richie sobs into the humid air and Bill's hips stutter, thrusting erratically and Richie watches through his tears as he tips his head back and comes. Richie feels Bill's cock pulse inside him and it almost makes his own dick stir again. Bill chokes a little bit and falls forward onto Richie, his skin wet with sweat and still smelling faintly of sewer and fear.

Richie gasps a little bit when Bill pulls out, sensitive and raw, and he lets his legs fall apart against the mattress. Bill climbs off him and walks with unsteady legs to the bathroom, and Richie waits until he hears the water running to let another sob escape his mouth.

He can't stop crying.

Bill returns with a warm washcloth that he runs up Richie's thighs and down his ass, cleaning up the come that's dripping off Richie's cock onto his stomach. He's ditched the condom, probably balled up in the bathroom trash, and he throws the washcloth somewhere towards the door.

“Told you,” Bill says smugly, his own tears having dried on his cheeks. His stupid face makes Richie wanna cry even harder.

“You’re a dick, Bill,” Richie mutters, turning away on the bed away from him and curling his knees to his chest.

“F-fuck you, t-too,” Bill replies easily and taps Richie’s shoulder. When he turns, Bill is holding a travel size package of Kleenex up to him. He shakes it a little. Richie rolls his eyes but takes a tissue and blows his nose in it, throwing the used Kleenex back at Bill angrily. Bill laughs at him and settles down under the covers, turning his body towards Richie in a silent invitation to cuddle.

Richie’s too mad at him to accept.

He flips back over and tries to fall asleep facing the window. He hears Bill sigh, more amused than angry, and then he flips off the lamp. The room is plunged into darkness and Richie gives into his exhaustion.

He wakes up the next morning with his face pressed into Bill’s pectoral. His eyes feel dry and stiff, nose still a little clogged up.

He snuggles down further into the covers, feeling Bill’s arm wrap tighter around him, and drifts back off to sleep.

Author's Note:

sorry 2 everyone for having to read this.

visit me on tumblr @cryingbilldenbrough and
hopefully the next fic i write redeems me from this
pile of trash